A Nurturing Desert Rose

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Harry Potter has accidentally transported himself to a town in the middle of the desert, and the townspeople are under the impression that he is a divine child sent by the gods. Confused and scared, he runs away from everyone...But one woman manages to bring him out of his shell, and make him finally feel safe.

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Chapter 1

Harry Potter whimpered softly as he stumbled to his feet. Desperately, he looked around the vast, empty desert, hoping for a sign that he was simply dreaming. None.

He had been running from his uncle during one of his beatings, heading into the basement before his blood fell on a strange symbol made of a spiderweb of cracks in the ground. there was a flash of light, he could remember flashes of a pair of giant doors, small hands, so much knowledge it hurt, and a being laughing about being freed. Now though he was in a desert as he saw a city in the distance. He knew going to the city was likely a bad idea...but he didn't want to die alone in the desert...

It took several hours of wandering, by the time he was so exhausted he was ready to collapse, already weak from bloodloss and lack of food. Inside the city he was saw some scaffolding laden with stone next to a damaged building suddenly groan before collapsing, the stone falling rapidly towards a group of people on the ground. Panicked, not wanting them to be hurt, he thrust out his hands, wishing with all his might that the rocks would stop and, to his shock, the rocks halted to a stop in midair, floating gently ten feet above the ground. Harry's eyes widened as he realized that he had done the freaky stuff again. The people in the square were staring at him in shock...

Stumbling backwards he was about to run when, to his shock, the people began getting on their knees and bowing in front of him, one by one. The little boy was confused and scared by the attention. Then, one man began to approach him.

"Thank you for gracing our city with your presence oh divine one," the man simpered, sounding like his Uncle did when talking to clients "what may we offer you in return oh Divine Child?" Harry was

confused and scared by the attention he was receiving. He wasn't used to it, and didn't know how to deal with it...

Panicking, he spun around and ran from the village, the still wet blood from his back flinging away from him in his haste and landing in a water fountain. As he fled he heard people moving to surround the fountain, speaking about gifts and blessings.

When Harry could run no more, he ducked into a dark alleyway, where no one was likely to find him.

Exhausted beyond measure, he collapsed, falling into a fitful sleep, unaware that throughout Leore the people were in worship, celebrating the coming of 'The Divine Child'...all but one. A woman named Rose, who remembered all to well the dealings of 'Father Cornello' back before her friends Edward and Alphonse Elric had saved the country from the being known as 'Father'. But while not enamored...she was intrigued. Wondering what was true and what was false...and if this 'divine child' truly wanted to be worshiped as such. She shrugged, and decided she would come to her decision when she saw him for herself. ...Where was he, anyway?

One week later...

Harry was miserable. His wounds had healed, and he had been given free food to eat by the citizens...But he was so lonely. He had no roof over his head... The villagers had offered their homes to him...But they had been quite forceful in their attempts, causing him to distrust them. He shuddered as he remembered the last person, an old woman who had grabbed his arm and tried to drag him to her home, it was only his strange 'powers' that had saved him as they acted up again, causing him to vanish with a sharp crack and reappear at a different place in town. So far his powers had included levitating things, his teleportation, and even healing when he angered a furry black dog that seemed familiar for some reason.

He looked down at the ground of the alleyway he called home, and shivered. This village got so cold at night...He wished the villagers

didn't scare him so much...What he wouldn't give for a nice, warm cupboard right now... Softly he began to cry, unaware that he was drawing the attention of one of the only people in the city who didn't know what he looked like, that didn't know about his powers...that didn't know him as 'the divine child'

Rose had been unable to sleep that night, so she was currently out on a late night walk, like she always did when she felt the need to clear her head. Then, she heard the sound of soft crying... Confused, she followed it until she found a small child in a cardboard box, sobbing softly. "Are you alright little one?" she asked as the boy's head shot up "Where are your parents?" Harry's eyes widened when the woman approached him. He whimpered and scooted back, only to knock his box over, causing him to fall on the cold, hard ground. Rushing forward, she gently sat the child up, "Are you alright little one?" she asked gently, handing him her canteen as she did so "Here, drink this. But where are your family? Is there somewhere you'd like me to take you?"

Harry blinked, then gratefully sipped the water she offered him. When he was finished, he looked at her. "I...I don't have a family." He replied. "The-The people keep trying to take me home with them, b-but...they scare me..."

Hearing those words, Rose frowned, wondering why people would be so forceful with the small child before she handed him some bread she had brought to eat on her walk if she got hungry, which he quickly began to devour. "Well you don't have to but you're more than welcome to come with me and stay for as long as you like." She offered. "You don't have to come, nor do you have to stay, but the offer is there." Harry looked up at her, stunned. The pretty woman was gently offering him a place to stay, rather than forcefully dragging him away? It was like a dream...

Deciding to trust the pretty woman he nodded hesitantly and softly spoke. "Y-Yes...I'd like that, ma'am..."

Rose smiled warmly and gently took the tiny little boy into her arms. "Then let's go, sweetie." She said gently. Cautiously optimistic he settled down into her arms, hoping and praying that his powers wouldn't show up again because he didn't know what would be worse, making the pretty lady fear him because of his powers...or have her treat him like everyone else had. Rose, for her part, found herself smiling as the little boy cuddled into her arms. He was really a cute child...It hurt her to see him alone on the streets, and wearing such ragged clothes... As she walked she began to hum a soft lullaby to him, gently rocking him back and forth until they reached her home where she walked upstairs, trying to decide where the little boy could sleep for the night. She heard the sound of soft snoring, and looked down to see the sleeping boy in her arms, his shoulders gently rising and falling as he breathed peacefully. Smiling softly she climbed into her own bed, cradling the little boy against to her as she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 2

Harry moaned softly as his eyes fluttered open. Shifting he began to wake up, confused as to why his cardboard box was suddenly so soft...unless one of the villagers had managed to find him and taken him while he slept.

He heard a soft yawn next to him, and his eyes widened when he realized he was in somebody's arms. He looked over...and felt a wave of relief wash over him as he saw the pretty woman from the night prior smiling at him. "Hello, sweetie." Rose said gently. "Did you sleep well?"

Nodding shyly he ducked his head, "yes Ma'am," he said softly "thank you."

Rose giggled. "Good." She replied softly. "Sorry you had to share a bed with me. I'll try to get you your own bed as soon as I can."

Blushing, he looked down and away, mumbling softly how it was the best night's sleep he could remember having

Rose smirked playfully. "Oh? Well, if you were that cozy, you can sleep in my bed with me anytime you want, sweetie." She said gently. Smiling hesitantly he nuzzled closer against her, enjoying the warmth she provided, as she began to gently hum a lullaby. Even though he had just woken up, Harry felt his eyes drooping. He found himself falling asleep once more in Rose's arms. Smiling softly at the adorable little boy Rose continued to hum her lullaby, running her fingers through his hair as he snuggled against her. Scooping him up into her arms she rose out of bed and walked to the kitchen to make them breakfast and begin their day. She sighed softly. Perhaps putting him back to sleep so soon after he woke up wasn't the best idea...But he was adorable while he slept, so she was okay with it. As she walked she realized she didn't even know his name. She decided to amuse herself while she cooked by trying to guess what it

might be. "Hmm...His hair is so long and messy...I wonder if his name is Harry." She giggled at her little joke and continued with her cooking. After a few more minutes of cooking and guessing, her guesses ranging from Bartholemew to Edward, the little boy began to stir and wake up. He sniffed the air, and caught the scent of the cooking breakfast, which pleasantly surprised him. "Hey there little man," she said with a smile as she turned to him "you hungry?" Harry opened his mouth to decline...but his stomach grumbled, and he blushed. "I'll take that as a yes little man," she said with a giggle "now come over here and tell me how much you want." Harry looked at the sizeable amount of food, eggs and sausages, the young woman made, and hesitated.

"Um...N-Not too much...I...I don't deserve much..." Harry replied softly.

Gaping in shock at what the little boy had just said she frowned and pointed a scolding finger at him "Now listen here young man," she told him "whoever told you that is a liar. You DO deserve this food and more than that you need it to grow big and strong."

Harry flinched slightly. "I'm sorry...I didn't mean to make you mad...P-Please don't hit me..."

At hearing those words her heart broke as she dropped down to her knees and pulled him into a gentle hug as she stroked his hair "I'm not mad at you my little one," she promised softly "never at you. I'm mad at whoever told you that you don't deserve food. And i promise, i will NEVER hit you."

Harry looked into her eyes and saw the sincerity in them. He was so confused..."Why...?" He asked softly. "Why are you so nice to me...? I don't understand..."

Smiling tenderly at the little boy she kisses his brow, "Because you are a sweet, beautiful, innocent child," she said softly "you deserve to be happy, to be able to run around and play, to make friends, have a family. You DESERVE to be able to live a good life. Clearly

someone has tried to take that from you...and that's something i intend to rectify."

Harry let out a soft whimper...Then he threw his arms around Rose and buried his face into her chest as he cried his eyes out. Pulling him close she let him cry out his pain, stroking his hair and singing softly to soothe this poor child's injured soul. Every sob hurt to listen to, but she wouldn't let him know that. He needed her to be strong.

Thirty minutes later, Harry was still crying. Rose was getting worried now. What had caused him to develop so much emotional strain? Slowly the tears began to slow until he looked up at her with watery eyes, "There now," she said with a tender smile as she kissed his brow "no more tears?" Harry smiled tearfully and rested his head on her chest. Finally...He had found the perfect mother figure...

"No more tears..." he promised.

"Good." Rose replied with a smile. "Now let's eat. The food's cold by now with no doubt, so we'll have to warm it up."

"Alright Ms...um..." he trailed off, as he didn't know her name.

"Rose, sweetie." She said gently. "My name is Rose."

"I'm Harry Ms. Rose," he said softly as she ruffled his hair.

Rose's eyes widened, and she giggled with a tilted head. "Well...I was right the first time." Looking at her, he tilted his head in confusion. Rose blushed and scratched the back of her head. "Ah...I was trying to guess your name earlier..." Nodding, his mouth open in an 'oh' fasion before walking over to help heat up breakfast. Ten minutes later, Harry found himself seated at the table across from Rose. He looked down at the plate of food in front of him. At the first bite he froze, his eyes widening. Just as Rose was about to ask him what was wrong he began wolfing down the delicious food. Giggling at Harry's speed eating she began to eat herself, making sure to keep an eye on the adorable child. "Don't eat TOO fast, now,

sweetie." She chided gently. "You don't want to give yourself a tummy ache."

"Yes Mo...Ma'am" he answered, having to catch himself from calling her mommy

Rose tilted her head in confusion at the slip of the tongue, but didn't pry.

As they continued he began thinking about what the villagers would do when they stopped seeing him. He hoped they wouldn't get too upset. Weird and scary they may have been, but at least they were nice to him...

"What do you do for a living Ms. Rose?" he asked after a while, his curiosity getting the better of him.

Rose's eyes brightened and she smiled happily. "Well, that's actually quite a story..." And so she told him how her job was to maintain the local church which served as a simple place of prayer for any religion anyone worshiped after they removed the statues of Leto from within it. "But lately people have been trying to bring in statues of 'The Divine Child' and make that the sole religion here." she said as she finished. Harry flinched at the term "divide child". Rose blinked. "Is there something wrong?" She asked in concern.

"T-the people are scary when talking about him..." he lied quickly, not wanting her to act like the rest of the villagers

Rose giggled. "Yes, they do get a little overexcited, don't they?" She replied with a smile. "There was a time when I was like them...But...well, not anymore."

"You worshiped the Divine Child?" he asked in surprise and confusion.

"Oh, no no." Rose replied. "Before the divine child, there was a miracle worker named Father Cornello. He came to our land claiming

he could revive our dying crops, and we all foolishly believed him...But he was a fraud."

"A fraud?" he asked confused, a man who could do those things sounded powerful

"It was a lie." Rose explained gently. "He claimed to be using the power of a being he called 'the sun god Leto' but he was actually just using Alchemy enhanced by an item called the Philosopher's stone."

"Alchemy?" Harry asked in confusion.

Rose nodded. "I have two friends who are experts at it...Let me see if I can remember how it works..."

Before she could continue she had a sudden idea, "Harry," she said with a grin "how would you like to recieve a private education from two of the most intelligent people in the world?".

"Who?" he asked in confusion.

"My two friends who are experts," she explianed "they both owe me a few favors and i think they'd love to be able to teach a bright, adorable, little boy like you."

Harry looked down uneasily. "Um...Are...Are they nice...?" He asked softly.

Smiling softly she scooped him up and set him down in her lap. "The youngest one is very nice Harry," she promised him "his name is Alphonse. The older one is nice most of the time but if you insult his height he gets really angry" Harry nodded and mentally told himself to not insult anyone's height. "They saved not only this country but they saved me from myself when i was still a follower of Father Cornello," Rose continued "they're the ones who exposed him for what he was doing, how he wanted to turn the villagers into his own personal army."

Harry looked at her in shock. "That's really bad..." He breathed.

"Yeah," Rose said with a wince "it hit the city pretty hard when he was exposed. I'm just glad this 'divine child' isn't like that from what I've heard. It sounds like he doesn't even want any attention at all, that he'd rather just be left out of the spot light" Harry tensed up at her words. She seemed to understand him entirely...

"W-what makes you say that?" he asked her shakily

"Well...I still haven't seen him yet." Rose admitted.

Deciding it was a good idea to move away from the subject he asked "Do you really think your friends will teach me?"

Rose smiled. "Well of course they will. I see no reason they wouldn't."

Grinning hesitantly he helped Rose begin cleaning up and thought, maybe, just maybe, he could finally be happy here.

Chapter 3

It had been five days since his first breakfast with Rose and she told him that her friends should be arriving today which made him both excited and nervous. He was excited to meet the people miss Rose talked about...but afraid to leave the house again and run into the villagers. Every day and every night he heard them madly searching the city for him, panicking at the thought of loosing their 'miracle child'. It made him feel slightly guilty...But they still made him nervous with their obsessive attitude.

"Come on little one," Rose said sweetly as she took his hand in hers and led him out to the village entrance, very few villagers out at this time of the morning even with the frantic searches "we don't want to be late." Harry clutched tightly to his caretaker's hand, eyes darting back and forth like a frightened lizard for any villagers. As they walked Rose gave a mental sigh sighed as she noticed his behavior, having figured out over the past few days that he was the supposed 'Miracle child' by how the child was said to have vanished when she found him as well as descriptions she got from other villagers. She had decided to remain silent though to let him tell her in his own time which she was going to stick to. The young woman gave his hand a reassuring squeeze. "It's okay, sweetie. Don't be shy." She said softly. Looking up at her he gave her a small smile and squeezed her hand in return. As they reached the main gate he looked and saw what looked like a car shooting across the dessert towards them, multiple shapes inside. Harry took a deep breath, and prepared himself to meet the friends of his new caretaker. Rose smiled at him. "I'm proud that you're being so brave." Blushing brightly at her praise he looked down, trying to reign in his flushed cheeks before the jeep pulled to a stop a little ways away from them and three blondes climbed out. The first was a giant of a man who must have been seven feet tall and covered with muscle but had a gentle smile on his face while his golden hair twinkled merrily, the second man was much smaller than the first, and had the same hair and eyes as the giant along with a cocky smirk but there was something off about his

walk. The third blonde was a girl who wore a jumpsuit with the top half unzipped and tied around her waist along with a tanktop while her blue eyes locked onto them. Rose waved to the group with a smile. "Over here!" She called out to the group of three. Harry looked at the one in the middle, and mentally noted that he was actually up to the man's waist, whereas with Rose, he barely came up to above her knee. Suddenly feeling his nerves coming back he ducked behind Rose's leg in fear as the three approached.

"Hey there, Rose!" Edward greeted. "Long time, no see!"

"Hello, Rose!" Alphonse greeted. "Have you been doing well?"

"Hey guys!" Rose said cheerfully as she pulled Winry into a hug, "Thanks for coming.".

"Of course," Ed said with a grin "you said you needed our help and we're always willing to help out our friends.".

"And we really needed a vacation." Winry added with a laugh before turning towards Harry "And who's this little guy?" Harry responded by whimpering and hiding further behind his caretaker's leg. Rose giggled.

"This is Harry. He's a little shy..."

"Hey there," the giant who Rose called Alphonse said, kneeling down to try and get close to eye level "I'm Alphonse and this is my brother Ed and his wife Winry. Nice to meet you.".

"H-harry," he stuttered out, still hiding behind Rose's leg "n-nice to m-meet you too s-sir."

Winry let out a squeal of delight. "He's so adorablllllle!"

At those words he blushed a bright, brilliant red which caused Rose to giggle as she scooped him up in her arms, "Yes he is," she said proudly "and he's a perfect little gentleman.".

Before anyone could say anything else he heard a screeching voice from behind them yell out "Unhand the Miracle Child!" as he saw the same old woman who tried to kidnap him before "A follower of Cornello shouldn't be allowed to corrupt him with your taint!" before grabbing him and wrenching him from Rose's arms and moving to strike her.

As he saw this he felt rage course through him, this woman was about to hit Rose, the woman who took him in and was the closest thing he had to a mother. 'Show them not to mess with those you care for!' a powerful voice ordered from within his mind as he felt raw power course through him as it began affecting the world around him. Unbenownst to him his eyes had begun to glow a terryfing white while the winds howled and whirled around him "Don't you dare strike her!" he roared, his voice echoing with another, deeper voice. While he did this, and the old woman cowered, Rose and the Elrics looked at him in pure shock.

"I-is this why he's called the Miracle child?" Rose asked to herself as she gazed at the furious Harry that was floating in the miniature cyclone, placing himself between her and her attacker while giving off the aura of a wrathful deity.

"Ed!" Winry called out as Alphonse held on to his brother and sister in-law "What's he doing?!"

"I don't know!" Ed called out in shock "I've never seen anything like this!"

"It has to be some kind of alchemy, right?!" Winry exclaimed.

"No!" Alphonse replied. "That's not alchemy! Not at all!"

"I'm Sorry Great One!" the old woman pleaded, throwing herself to the ground in front of him, "Spare me!".

"Leave!" he roared "And never threaten Rose again!" causing the woman to nod fervently before running away as fast as her old

bones could carry her. As soon as she was out of sight he felt his rage draining away and his power along with it before he felt darkness enclose around him as he slipped into the realm of Morpheus. Rose looked down at the unconscious child, then at her friends, baffled by what had just transpired.

Shaking herself out of her stupor she scooped up the little boy and turned to her friends "Let's get him back to my house." causing them to nod before they took off, each of them still thinking about what they had just witnessed. Rose looked down at the little boy in her arms sadly. "You poor dear..." She whispered.

"What was that?" Ed asked once they got back to her house "I've never seen anything like that before. The closest i can relate it to was the power of 'Father' during the war.

"I have no idea." Rose replied. "It's the first time I've seen it too..."

"Why did that woman call him 'the Miracle child'?" Winry asked in confusion

Rose sighed. "It's a long story." She said. She told them everything.

"So he's treated like father Cornello even though he doesn't want to be?" Al asked in confusion which caused her to nod before they heard a groan as they turned to see Harry waking up.

"W-what happened?" he asked weakly

Rose immediately scooped the child into an embrace. "Are you all right, sweetie?!" She exclaimed.

"R-rose?" he asked weakly before he remembered what happened to him and panicked "W-what all did you see?"

Rose smiled sadly and held him closer. "Absolutely nothing, dear, nothing at all." She shot a threatening smile at the others. "Right, everyone?"Al and Winry nodded in understanding but Ed looked like

he was about to open his big mouth until Winry pulled out a monkey wrench causing him to gulp and shut up.

Harry let out a soft sigh of relief. "So...Nothing bad happened, right?"

"Just some mouthy old lady," Ed said with a shrug causing Harry to yelp and dive behind Rose, having not noticed the Elrics.

Rose sighed. "It's all right, dear, it's just my friends." Hesitantly he poked his head out and waved.

"Hello again." Alphonse replied with a chuckle.

"Hi." he said hesitantly as he moved out from behind Rose...only for Winry to scoop him up, gushing about how cute he was. Harry froze in fear as the blonde held him, not used to such strong physical affection.

"Winry stop it," Rose scolded, taking him from her blonde friend "you're scaring him." before she nuzzled his cheek softly and placed a tender kiss on it. Harry smiled with relief and rested his head on the woman's chest. This gentle affection was what he preferred. Snuggling against her he watched Rose's friends curiously, the smaller man giving off the feeling that something was missing. Hesitantly he reached forward and touched the man's forehead, silently willing whatever he felt was missing to return. Staring at the kid in slight amusement he saw the little boy reach forward and touch his forehead before scrunching up his forehead in concentration. Before he could say anything though there was a flash of light and an energy flowed through him that he hadn't felt in years...his alchemy was back.

Edward's eyes widened. "Wha...How...Can I..."

"You felt...incomplete..." he said hesitantly, realizing that he might have messed up hiding "i...i wanted you to be whole again..."

Edward looked excited. "I can do alchemy again!" He said. "This is awesome!"

"But how did he do it?" Winry asked in confusion as they turned to him in confusion, making him shrink in on himself somewhat before Rose spoke up.

"Because he's my amazing little Harry." Rose stated firmly

"Maybe he IS the miracle child." Alphonse said with a grin. Hearing that, Harry frowned, not liking the name which Winry seemed to pick up on as she hit the giant with a wrench.

Rose chuckled nervously. "Miracle child? Him? Of course not, he's just a normal child, isn't that right, sweetie?"

Beaming at her he nodded happily before turning to Edward when the man asked "So Harry, what other powers do you have?"

"Um...I...I dunno..." He replied softly. "I don't practice..."

"It's okay sweetie," Rose said as she kissed his brow before she turned to Edward "i know he's used telekenesis before as well as teleporation but i don't know what else."

Edward nodded. "Well, either way, thanks, little man." He said gratefully.

Remembering what Rose had said about him he decided to play a little joke and said in false anger "Don't call me little!"

Rose noticed the playful undertone in his voice and giggled as Edward blinked and laughed out loud. "I feel your pain, kid." He said.

Giggling softly he then looked seriously at the renewed Alchemist "Only Ms. Rose can call me that." he said seriously causing Ed to laugh happily and ruffle his hair before getting a wicked grin.

"I would love to see what would happen if this little guy ever met , I think I'll test out my alchemy by making something for the guy who brought it back in the first place." Before he could ask what Ed would do, or what Alchemy even was as he was still confused, Ed clapped his hands together before slamming them into the floor as the stone floor shifted before molding into a small statue of Rose holding him in her arms.

"Awww, Edwaaaard..." Winry cooed. "That's so sweet of you..."

"wow," Harry breathed in awe "what was that?"

Edward smirked and handed the statue to Harry. "That's called alchemy, kid."

"That's part of the reason i asked you here Ed," Rose explained while he marveled over the little statue "i was hoping you could teach him about Alchemy and other things due to you and Al being recognized as geniuses.".

"I'd love to have an apprentice!" Ed exclaimed eagerly "A pupil to mold in my image!". At those words he imagined himself with golden eyes as well as the same golden braid Edward had only for Rose and her friends to gasp as he felt his eyes and hair itch before he noticed a long golden braid sticking over his shoulder.

"I'm just not going to be surprised anymore," Winry deadpanned while he played with the new feature "but what do you think causes it.".

"I...i always imagine something happen or wish for something to happen and then it does," he spoke up hesitantly "like when i wanted to stop that woman from hurting mo-...Rose earlier."

Rose blinked at the slip, but didn't comment. "Aw, you're so sweet." She cooed as she rested her chin on Harry's head.

Smiling happily he nuzzled up into her while Ed appeared deep in thought, "If that's true then, theoretically, you might be able to do Alchemy like i do but it would be harder because you haven't gone through the gate."

"Gate?" he asked in confusion as Ed, Al, and even Rose and Winry shuddered.

"The gate is an ancient force," Ed explained seriously "found in a void of white and it shows a being that appears as a while silohouet in front of...".

"In front of two giant stone doors that open, revealing small black hands that drag you through, past flashing images filling your brain with so much knowledge it hurts," Harry said softly, getting flashes of his own experience in getting to the desert "it was terryfing.".

"Y-you went through the gate." Ed breathed in horror while the others looked down at him in shock.

Chapter 4

"You went through the gate..."

"I-is that bad?" Harry asked nervously as he stared at the adult's horrified faces.

"For you, it is..." Edward said softly. "The gate's terrible..."

"Who was the one screaming about being free though?" Harry asked in confusion, remembering the voice he had heard while Ed and Al both stiffened.

"That...does not sound good..." Al mused.

"But it still doesn't explain his powers," Ed muttered "When we went through the gate we got clapping transmutation and it took Dad and Father centuries to evolve that into psychic alchemy. Added to that they didn't have teleportation or telekenesis and definetly didn't have that storm power we saw earlier...I wonder...". Suddenly Ed turned and looked him in the eye "Kid, i'm going to try something to test a theory of mine, it will feel weird but it shouldn't hurt a bit" Harry tensed up, and looked to Rose nervously.

"What is it exactly you're planning to do?" Rose asked nervously.

"During the war against the Homunculi i found a way to transmute my own Soul into a philosopher's stone," Ed explained "it allowed me to enter the soul of the homonculi and battle them there where i could injure them easier. My theory is that i can use the technique to enter Harry's soul and see if it's been altered by the gate. And don't worry, i'll only look. I wont attack anything."

"I...I dunno..." Harry replied nervously. "Is it really safe?"

"It's perfectly safe," Ed assured him "the only way i could actually manage to do anything harmful was if i put a lot of effort into it" Harry

looked up to Rose for reassurance.

"Don't worry little one," Rose assured him "you can trust Ed."

Harry smiled at his caretaker, then looked over to Edward and nodded. "Um...O-Okay..."

With a reasurring smile at the kid he clapped his hands together and placed them on Harry's forehead before he found himself in a vast expanse of emerald, as powerfully green as the soul of Pride was red. "Well this is a suprise," a voice said from behind him causing him to turn around in shock "a visitor.".

In front of him was a tall pale man with long brown hair and arisocratic features, "Who are you?" he demanded warily.

"My name..." the man said hesitantly "is Tom Marvolo Riddle."

"Tom Riddle?" Edward said with a raised brow. "What the hell are you doing here?!"

"Well that's a bit of a long story," the man, Riddle, said awkwardly before continuing "to start out with, when i was attatched to my body i was the one who killed Harry's parents..." Edward's eyes widened, then narrowed as he formed a sword in his automail arm. "wait! Wait! Wait! Wait!" the man cried out "The gate altered what i was before!"

"Oh yeah? How do I know you're not lying?"

The man gave him a deadpan stare "If i was going to try and trick you...then why would i admit to having killed Harry's parents?...or at least the collective of me.".

"For all I know, you're pretending to turn over a new leaf so I don't cut your damn head off."

"Why would have i brought it up in the first place?"

"Maybe you're an idiot, or really full of yourself."

"okay, one...ouch. Two...double ouch. How about this, i explain what i my side of what's what and, at the end, if you wish to you can cut my head off then.".

Edward lowered his hand, but didn't put the blade away. "Fine." Tom sighed in relief before explaining how his memory was shotty at best but he knew that when he was still in his body he had tried killing Harry's parents using the same power that Harry now used and that the gate had almost freed him and given him a new body but the raw power of the gate transfered his power over to Harry while causing him to live through the hell Harry went through. Edward blinked. "Huh? The hell Harry lived through...? What are you talking about...?"

"After his parents' death he was left on the front step of his mother's sister and her husband who used him as a slave for four years."

"Is that all?" Edward said with a hand on his hip.

"Plus beatings, starvation, being told his name was 'Freak' for several years, and sleeping in the cupboard under the stairs for years"

Edward's eyes widened, then narrowed. "He never mentioned that..."

"Are you actually surprised?" Tom asked with a raised eyebrow "He's afraid of being treated like that again."

"Why would anyone treat him like that?!" Edward demanded. "What the hell kind of person would do that to a kid?!"

"Harry's Uncle viewed Alchemy and other powers as 'unnatural' while his Aunt was jealous of not being able to use any powers"

Edward scowled. "That's ridiculous..." He muttered. "...Rose deserves to know this...What exactly did they do to him?"

"I can allow you to see what he went through as he saw it and even make it so you can show the others but i do warn you..." Tom shuddered "it's horrible."

"I've seen horrible, Tom." Edward said calmly. "I can take it."

"Don't say i didn't warn you," Tom mumbled before the spirit waved his hand, causing the once again alchemist to be bombarded with Harry's memories

"Okay...So this is his earliest memory, huh...?" Edward mused, looking at a two year old Harry. As the memories went by Edward became more and more horrified by what he saw, dropping to his knees the moment they ended. He had only two words to say. "...Holy crap..."

"Now you see why i warned you?" Tom asked which got a hesitant nod "And be grateful i only gave you sight and hearing...i endured all five senses when i lived through it again, and again, and again."

"...Okay...So...How are you not crazy by this point...?"

"I was crazy to begin with, this snapped me out of it."

"So you're not gonna go around murdering people anymore?"

"Kinda hard when you're a powerless voice who can only communicate with people if someone enters like you did or Harry gives me permission"

"Right..." Edward mumbled, thinking about how to break this to Rose.

"Good luck telling this to that Rose woman," Tom said with a sympathetic wince

"Yeah, that's what I was just thinking..." Edward agreed.

"You could always offer to help her plan revenge against the Dursleys." Tom offered

"How are we gonna do that if they're on the other side of the gate?"

"Make a deal with truth?" Tom offered "You guys get to go over for an hour or so to get payback and he gets to watch"

"I don't know, can that happen?"

"Truth is stuck in an endless white void for eternity...i think he'd jump for some entertainment."

Edward sighed. "...I need to get back..."

"Good luck and try not to get beaten too badly," Tom advised

"She won't beat me..." Edward said. "I'm not the one who did it."

"She's still gonna be pissed though'

"I know."

"Good luck." Tom said with a final wave as Ed vanished from Harry's soul

Edward's eyes opened, and he saw Rose right in front of his face. Sighing he sat up and subtly gestured for her to send Harry to another room.

Rose blinked, then looked at Harry. "Harry, sweetie, why don't you go play?"

"o-okay Ms. Rose," he said hesitantly before going up to their room to play with one of the toys she had gotten him a few days ago.

Rose smiled after him, then looked at Edward. "What is it, Ed?" She asked nervously. Sighing he explained what he saw, From meeting Tom, to who Tom was, seeing Harry's memories, and getting the

ability to show it to them as well. He then cringed, waiting for the reactions of the others in the room particularly Rose. After telling them he gazed at each of their reactions. Al, his normally calm and happy brother looked practically murderous and he was sure his brother was planning to put his new muscles to good use. Winry, his usually happy go lucky wife, was muttering under her breath about the best torture device to build. And Rose, the usually sweet innocent Rose, looked scarier than Teacher, hair covering her eyes, her teeth gritted in fury and her entire body shaking as if it were going to erupt. Edward couldn't blame any of them for their reactions, however. He himself wanted to tear the obese man limb from limb... Sighing he continued and explained about Harry's origins from the other side of the gate and Tom's suggestion about making a deal with truth.

"So I can torture them?" Winry said with a disturbing amount of glee.

"As long as it's painful and he'll eventually recover from it." he promised getting a happy cackle out of his wife.

"I want first crack at him..." Surprisingly, this came from Rose.

"You need a weapon?" Ed asked cautiously

"No..." She muttered with a dark scowl.

Silently noting to never piss Rose off he nodded before asking "What are we gonna tell Harry?"

Rose teared up at the mention of the little boy. "...I'll talk to him about it later..." She said softly.

Nodding he suddenly got an idea "I just realized that he's never had a birthday party before and, if i'm remembering the memories correctly, he's turning six next week"

Rose's eyes widened, and she smiled. "I have to do something nice for him..." She said softly.

"I'll call in a few favors to get some stuff for it," he said with a grin "I happen to know some excellent cooks, one of whom has a daughter only a year or so older than Harry is."

"Ooh, really?!" Rose exclaimed, starry-eyed.

"Yeah," he said before smiling sadly "an old military friend of mine introduced me and Al to his wife and daughter once and they quickly adopted us as family...one of my greatest regrets was that i wasn't able to save him..."

Rose's smile faded. "Oh...I'm sorry..."

"It isn't your fault Rose," he said with a small shake of his head "i was just thinking how much Hughes would have loved to meet Harry...anyway, Alicia and Gracia Hughes are wonderful people and I'm sure they'd love to meet Harry. Do you want to invite anyone else?"

Rose frowned. "Everyone in the village would scare him if they came..."

"We could always offer to take Harry somewhere else for a little vacation so that the villagers wouldn't make a fuss," Winry offered "I'm sure Granny would love to meet him."

Rose smiled. "That could be nice...I haven't been out of the village in ages."

"Alright," Winry cheered "let's plan who all we want to invite. We already have the Hughes family but who else?"

"I can't think of anyone else right now." Edward replied with a shrug.

"Now should we tell Harry or make it a surprise party?" Rose asked them

"I think we should tell him." Alphonse replied. "It might scare him to be in a room with strangers with no warning." They all sweatdropped

as they imagined Harry going into storm mode again out of fright.

"I'll tell him." Rose said softly as she rose to her feet and left the room.

Sitting in his and Rose's room, Harry idly played with some of the toys that Rose had bought for him when he heard his mother figure walk inside. He smiled up at her. "Hi, Miss Rose!" He said eagerly.

"Hey there sweetie," she said as she scooped him up into her arms. "I have a surprise for you."

Harry blinked and looked at her curiously. "What kind of surprise?" He asked.

Grinning widely she spun him around and kissed his cheek "We're going on a little trip with Ed, Al, and Winry to their hometown where we're throwing you a birthday party."

Harry stared at her in shocked silence. "A...A birthday party...?" He said softly.

"Of course my little one," she said softly as she tenderly kissed his forehead "we all want to see you happy and give you as many happy memories as we can"

"Wh-Why...?" He asked softly. "I don't understand...Why do you care about a freak like me...?"

"I thought we went over this Harry," she said with a sigh, sitting down on her bed as she cradled him in her arms "you aren't a freak. You're an adorable, precious, amazing little boy that deserves all the love in the world." Harry teared up and buried his face in the woman's chest. Softly she began to hum a lullaby to him as she rocked him back and forth, whispering calm words into his ear. Harry smiled and fell asleep in her arms, resting his head on her chest. Smiling softly she stood up and carried him downstairs to the others.

Edward, Alphonse and Winry were already making plans for the party.

"Awwwwwwwwww!" Winry squealed "He's so cute!"

Rose smiled. "He really is." She agreed. "He really, really is..."

They decided that Winry would stay with her and Harry for a bit to help them get ready to leave while Al went to Rizembool to get the house ready and Ed went to Central to get the Hughes family.

"I'd love to see you two off, but I'd hate to leave Harry alone..."

"I'll watch him." Winry offered. "You three catch up, don't worry about it." Nodding hesitantly, she reluctantly handed the sleeping little boy over to Winry and walked out with Ed and Al. Before leaving, she smiled before kneeling down and kissing the little boy's forehead.

And so...

"So Rose," Ed began as they walked back to the jeep "did you just want us to teach Harry general stuff or actually train him in Alchemy?"

Rose looked thoughtful. "Well...Both would actually be very nice..." She mused.

"I'd love to see what his powers could do when combined with alchemy," Ed mused, thinking of all the posibilities "but we'll have to try and keep the militrary from trying to recruit him"

Rose grimaced. "Yes we will... I don't want him fighting..."

"I'm more worried about a high up general trying to turn him into a super weapon," Ed growled "we may have deposed father and Bradley but i have no doubt there's still corruption in the higher ups"

Rose frowned. "Is there a way to keep him secret?"

"No but i do have a counter measure," he said with a grimace "Mustang's still in charge of the country. I can offer to do high class missions when needed if he does his best to keep any military or government people from using Harry as a weapon."

Rose smiled. "Thank you, Edward..." She replied softly.

Blushing softly he looked away and rubbed the back of his head in emberassment, "You're welcome Rose," he replied "i feel for the kid. Nobody should have to go through what he did and i just want to help make the rest of his life easier"

"You're a wonderful person. Winry is lucky to have someone like you." At those words he blushed even deeper while Al laughed happily at his red face

"Well, our jeep is just up ahead." Alphonse said. "We'll see you soon, Rose."

"See you soon boys," she said as she hugged them goodbye "i'll be sure to tell Harry that 'uncle Ed' and 'Uncle Al' said goodbye"

The two Elrics chuckled. "Sounds good." Edward said. Smiling she watched them climb into their jeep and drive off back to central

Unfortunately for her, the jeep kicked sand into her face, causing her to stumble off of the sand dune she had been standing on and pitch headfirst towards the sand. with a yelp she found herself partly buried in the sand. Rose blinked at the darkness surrounding her upper torso and kicked her legs feebly. Surely this would be a one time thing... With a grunt, and several minutes of exertion, she managed to push herself out of the sand, glad that such a thing rarely happened to anyone. She shook some sand out of her hair and sighed with relief. Then she turned and walked back home. She wanted to make it before Harry awakened.